

CAPITOL CITY COURIER

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE TYROLESE ALPS.

THE PRETTY VILLAGE OF INSBROCK.

Some Observations of the Customs and Manners of the People.

Our journey yesterday, Sept. 3, from Munich was partly in Germany and partly in Austria. On reaching the last town before leaving Germany, everybody and every piece of baggage was ordered out of the train and into the custom house. There was nearly an hour before the examination was through and the stamp of the Austrian officials placed on each article. Once in the customs room no one could get out. When the officials were satisfied we had no contraband articles we poured into the lunch room and thence to the waiting room, following the impatient crowd ready to rush for the test seats as soon as the doors were opened. We gained a second-class car, accommodations nearly as good as the first. Our road ran through the Tyrolean Alps nearly all the way to Innsbruck, where we intended to spend the night. We passed through many quaint villages and by numerous farm houses, the latter of large dimensions. The large gaps covered not only the farming house departments, but the stables as well—they were sometimes three or four stories under the gable roof and as many below. The ceilings were low and the windows small and old-fashioned. The farms all looked neat and owned by an industrious people. We reached the pretty village of Innsbruck, deep down in the Alps, by 3 in the afternoon. It is 2,000 feet above the sea and surrounded by mountains of 10,000 feet. In the afternoon we made a tour of the town, which has a population of over 30,000. Maud, Anna and myself had a good time at sight-seeing—everything and everybody so old and so odd. There was a queer mingling of the old Tyrolean dresses and ornaments of the women with the culture and well-dressed Europeans. The peasants, of which there was a sprinkling from the country with the town people of the artisan class, excited the curiosity of the stranger, and especially to our American eyes—novel in the extreme. Their old ways and customs, the dresses of the women and children, the style of the houses, built as if they were afraid of robbers, with iron gratings, bolts and bars over the windows. Well, I suppose they have been plundered a hundred times. Austrian and Italian armies have fought for centuries over this ground, and soldiers quartered in every town where forts could be erected, for this is the only pass in the Alps through which an army could pass from Austria to Italy. Powerful fortresses have been erected at the southern outlet of the valley. Judging from the monuments it looks as if the people had been through centuries of strife. We went into their chief place of worship, the Minster, a sort of cathedral and Westminster Abbey combined.

There was a monumental tomb in the centre inclosed with an iron railing, containing the most curious and elaborately wrought historic subjects in bas relief on small slabs of alabaster, that I have ever seen. The four sides of the monument contained a full history of the battles and triumphs of a thousand years. We secured some fine photographs of the beautiful carvings, but must see them to appreciate their full beauty. Around this central monument are life-size figures in bronze in the best style of workmanship—of their military heroes—kings and queens. They far surpass in number the bronzes in the Inner Temple church in London. There are bronze men and women and there are several female figures who fought and suffered for freedom in the past. How much they have gained I do not see. There are some fine hotels here and there are thousands of visitors during the hot months of summer. The Alps scenery is very fine and the clear mountain streams and beautiful climate all have their attraction, thus affording profitable employment for a large part of the people. We went into the principal bazaar; we found it crowded with people and the shop people were busy bidding for traffic yesterday, and saw the men, women and children at work in the shops in the narrower streets. The best men here, as in Germany, are in the army. Those that are left seem worn out with work, and the visages of the women and children, as we saw them in the churches, parks and streets, are very careworn. The new generation of the better class of children seemed an improvement on their parents. Some were handsome. We saw three children in a temple across the river at 5 p. m. yesterday saying their prayers. They were all alone, the eldest six years, pretty forms, flaxen hair and blue eyes. They kept at their devotion undisturbed at our entrance. From the temple we passed into the adjoining burying ground. It was crowded with graves and ornamental crosses, and a covered way around the enclosure contained shrines and monuments, of ten of great cost, where the relatives of the dead can pay their devotions in all weathers. Crossing the beautiful park we came to the entrance of a fine iron bridge spanning the river at this point. Finding ourselves on the main avenue, we entered another large bazaar, its superstructures built on heavy stone arches, the covered colonnade extending in several directions. These were crowded with all classes of the citizens and it was a good opportunity to study the different styles. While many were ancient, we could see the civilizing influences going on among the common people. In the stores and particularly in the parks, we observed here the women and children were gradually adopting modern dresses. There is so much traveling of English people, you know, that some of the Tyrolean girls feel ashamed of their short petticoats, bare legs and heads and wooden shoes. I must say I like this picturesque appearance of the peasants of the Tyrolean and it will be a sad day when the dear old ways of these ancient people are spoiled by the fast ways of styles of what we may call the advanced culture of Europe. We parted from these people with regret. We could have lingered much longer, until we could have known them better. Our road continued through their celebrated pass, which frequently spreads out into wide valleys, where the vine and the olive flourish. The hillsides were everywhere covered with meadows, and the soil which is being constantly washed from the mountains has replenished the fruitful earth for thousands of years.

The valley is subject to fearful floods by the deep snows suddenly melted by the warm suns of spring. Since our return to Lincoln we read of destructive storms there in 1882. The water rose at Verona to a great height. The river Inn pours its volume

into the Adige and the churches and houses in Venice show the marks of the great flood. Powerful fortifications have been erected by the Austrians on a high projecting point of the mountains, where the two rivers, the Adige and the Inn unite.

The Austrians were completely driven from Northern Italy by Garibaldi in the late revolution of Italy.

Italy is now directed by able statesmen and the people have entered upon a career of higher civilization, based upon the education of all the children of the state and the absolute freedom of religion. The confiscation of the enormous property which the monastic institutions had under various pretexts wrung from the faithful, has been restored to the people, amounting to over ninety millions, of real estate.

THE CAPUCIN MONKS.

The Roman church is very powerful in this portion of Austria. We passed a number of lovely villages scattered through these picturesque mountains. We noticed fine churches and extensive monastic establishments and several fine schools for boys and girls. The parsonages of the priesthood were always in the midst of lovely gardens where the vine, the olive and the fig flourished.

The Capucins certainly have an eye to beauty, in choosing this lovely and fertile valley as their home. We saw several members of the order at one or two stations. It was their vacation and they were doubtless visiting the brethren.

Their dress consists of a long robe of coarse brown cloth, with a large hood. Their feet, without stockings, are clad in sandals and a heavy cord encircles the waist, to which is attached a rather large crucifix. Altogether they present a unique picture in the landscape of everyday life in the Tyrolean valley. After a lovely day's journey the valley suddenly spread out into the charming scenery of the plains of Northern Italy. We spent the night in Old Verona in an ancient hotel which showed that it had been often shaken by earthquakes.

HE DIDN'T "CATCH ON."

A Moving Story of an Unsuccessful Attempt to Catch a Pig.

There are many things in this world that look comparatively easy, but which a trial demonstrates call for a man's most serious effort. We have always labored under the impression that a sixty pound pig could be grabbed by the hind leg and carried off with comparative ease by a man of ordinary size. This crude idea, however, has loosened its grip on us during the last few days.

Last Thursday we ambled up to a pig like a member of the Manhattan Ball club getting on deck for a strike, and reached for his hind leg. Just then he had to take a step we had not expected him to make, and the leg was not there any more. Several more reaches were made, but all fell short, and what was the most surprising part of it, the pig, which was so absorbed in its rooting that he never looked up, always happened to be looking round at the right time to be missed. While regarding it as a coincidence (for the animal did not even know we were there, we stole up so quietly), it was one of those annoying coincidences that it is not easy to account for. If we were writing a treatise on coincidence we should give this a prominent place. Presently we got the animal in a corner, and, in order to be sure, fell down on it bodily. Again one of those infernal chance movements took place. The pig took two steps to gather a potato, and we fell flat on the place where the pig had just been. Then he looked round for the first time, and perceiving us lying there, grunted his astonishment and trotted away. He was so astonished at seeing a man lying there on his stomach, spitting gravel out of his mouth, that he went off and stuck his head in a barrel to give his brain a rest.

Then we slid up quietly and by a finely calculated cryptogram movement snatched him by the hind leg. This was probably what caused the barrel to rise up suddenly and hit us on the nose. The wrestling match seemed to begin at this point. First we got a collar and elbow hold on the barrel and stood it on its head. Then the pig got a grape vine lock and threw us over the barrel. Then we got a Cornish grip on the animal and threw him, and were in turn downed by the barrel. Then we got a half Nelson, Greco-Roman lock on the pig's neck, but it got out with a half turn and somersault and grabbed us by the seat of the trousers. Claim of foul disallowed by female referee on the front steps, on grounds that the pig's tail had also been grabbed in the turn. Then the pig, with a new style of wrestling, heretofore unknown to us, turned us a somersault. If a pig blindfolded by a barrel could play this sort of games, it occurred to us that there was no telling what he might not do with his head loose. This idea, and the feeling that he might put his head out of the barrel, or the barrel head out, or get out of our head, had a most demoralizing effect. Suddenly, by a compote main act, we stood the barrel on end, with the pig's hindquarters in the air, and thought we had the match won; but the animal wiggled down in the barrel, and as we lowered it on its side to prevent his weight annoying him any further, he made an extraordinary movement. He smashed out the barrel head, and, as we had him by the leg, dragged us after him into the barrel. When we let go, to prevent the nails in the barrel from tearing our new clothes, we found ourselves in the barrel and the pig in a field about half a mile from the house.

A woman, who had been sitting on the steps to act as a referee, gave the match to the pig.—Carson (Nev.) Appeal.

To People Who Entertain.

Society people arranging for parties, balls, weddings, receptions or anything in this line, should inspect our elegant line of stationery and printed novelties used on such occasions. We have just received our new fall line of elegant ball programs, invitations for weddings, parties, etc., announcements, folders, calling cards and in fact everything in this line.

They know just how to please you with oysters in every style at Brown's New Vienna Café.

To the Traveling Public.

Please note that a superb line of FREE CHAIR CARS is now run between Lincoln and Chicago on trains Nos. 5 and No. 6; also that sleeping car berths or drawing rooms on the "Flyers," Nos. 1 and 2 may be reserved in advance at City Ticket Office, corner Tenth and O Streets.

A. C. ZIMMER, City Passenger Agent.

Doctor B. F. Bailey, office and residence cor. of Thirteenth and G streets. Tel. 617.

THE FEAST OF FEASTS.

ORIGIN AND SIGNIFICANCE OF EASTER, THE CHRISTIAN PASSOVER.

Ceremonies Attending the Observance of Easteride Among Many Nations—Movable Feasts Regulated by Easter Day. Custom of Distributing Pasch Eggs.

The term Easter, signifying the Christian passover and the festival of the resurrection of Christ, is probably derived from the name of the Teutonic goddess of spring, Ostara or Oestre, whose festival occurs about the same time as the observance of Easter.

Those of the early Christians who believed the Christian passover to be a commemoration



tion of Christ's death, adhered to the custom of holding the Easter festival on the day prescribed for the Jewish passover—the fourteenth day of the first month; that is, the lunar month of which the fourteenth day either falls on or next after the day of the vernal equinox.



On Easter Monday the men, carrying chairs, went about insisting that all the women they met should take a seat and be lifted up three times. The performance was accompanied with loud shouts, and the exacting of a kiss for each one of the lifts. The accepted mode, as it seems, was for two to lift one on either side, and the chair, gayly decorated, to be raised high above the heads of the lifts. It is further related that any preferring were allowed to pay a forfeit of money, instead of the kiss, before they were let out.

On Tuesday the women took their turn, and read that so anxious were they to do their full part in this ridiculous proceeding, that they were wont to guard every avenue to the town and stop every passenger, pedestrian, equestrian or vehicular. It was a crude imagination that could see any representation in this to the resurrection of our Savior. But as such it was intended.

Not only were the women allowed a share in the sport of "heaving" or "lifting," but they had their own football match in a quiet

sort of a way. The good and healthful practice of archery was not forgotten at the Shrove Tuesday and Easter Monday meetings; the reward for the best shot was provided, in many localities, not by the guilds, but by the bridegrooms of the community.

The custom of distributing the "Pasch" or "Pasch" eggs, which was once almost universal among Christians, is still observed among children the world over and by the peasantry in certain portions of the Old World. The boys play with these hard boiled eggs like balls, throwing them into the air or rolling them about the fields, and frequently knocking them together to see which will break first, the broken egg becoming the property of those whose eggs remain whole. Easter week is still the great season at Rome, for Italy is Catholic if the pope is not king. The greatest preparations are made for Easter Sunday, which is celebrated with elaborate ceremonies. The day is ushered in by the firing of cannons, and early in the morning carriages with their eager freight of men and women begin to roll toward St. Peter's, which is richly decorated for the occasion, the altars freshly ornamented and the lights around the tomb of St. Peter all blazing.

"Christ is arisen," to which the person addressed answered, "Christ is arisen, indeed," a custom which is still retained in the Greek church.

All the ceremonies attending the observance of Easter were at first very simple, but in the early part of the Fourth century a decided change was brought about by Constantine, who, naturally fond of celebrating his festival with extraordinary pomp. At the vigils instituted for Easter eve, when the people remained in the churches, huge tapers of wax were burned; these were however, confined to the churches, but were placed all over the city. Easter Sunday was observed with elaborate ceremonies, the pope officiating at mass with every imposing accessory that could be brought to bear in that service.

The churches were adorned at this season like theatres, and crowds poured in to see the spectacles which were erected representing the whole scene of our Savior's entombment. A general belief prevailed that the Lord's second coming would be on Easter eve, therefore the spectacles were watched through the night until 3 o'clock in the morning, when two of the oldest monks would enter and take out a beautiful image of the resurrection, which was elevated before the people during the singing of the anthem, "Christus Resurgens." It was then carried to the high altar, and a procession being formed, a canopy of velvet was borne over it by ancient gentlemen. They proceeded round the exterior of the church by the light of torches, all singing, rejoicing and praying, until coming again to the high altar it was there placed to remain until Ascension day. In many places



Interesting Interview With Mr. Halter of the First Ward.

L35: L35: L35: No gold-5d se dem ven totos, Arango, Sol Halter de fam aldehanik, pukele de COURIER. Li-stadul beno adele? Bnos beno vatkon oki ofen in hitatim. Li-bim blesik e tim stopom nevelo. Flotim binom tim gudik fidit, ab flotim at binom tim badik selon zifik lots e binos fiklik mekon moni.

Logol, Kanob penon volapuko, ab no Kap-ahob os. Ogolob at test ven fioth e Barrett chinom is, if (okanol) gaton deahol. Mayes stitahok e vebim thas obik oparalizon tons pollos. Klip okanol mekon pikotili simik? Epukob pikotili obik stadol-beno, God binom-5d ko ol.

TRANSLATION.

"Hello! hello! hello! How do you size up this morning," said Mr. Halter, of aldermanic fame to the linguist of THE COURIER, who was pensively leaning up against the gilded railing of the stairway leading to the magnificent office below, seemingly entranced by the gorgeous spectacle of sunshine and mud unfurled before him.

"Just middling," responded the C. L., evidently dazed by the fluency in the new lingo of the genial statesman from the First. "How do you like politics and do you find the new language of much advantage in your canvass?"

"I like statesmanship above all things and find that my knowledge of volapuk gives me an immense advantage over my opponents. I cannot all my fellow-citizens of whatever nationality they may be, on common ground and speak to all in a beautiful persuasive and winning tongue that cannot be misunderstood."

"Will Volapuk be universal, think you?"

"Certainly not; especially among the cultured people of the earth. The civilization of this era of light and advancement has too long been hampered by the linguistic shackles bequeathed by a barbarous ancestry. The advanced thought of this great age needs a surer and more elegant means of expression than is afforded by existing idiom. I am now writing a poem in the new speech which will create a sensation, but I do not purpose its publication until I can give it the prestige of my official title as alderman. But I must depart. Good-bye; God bless you."

Musical.

A very pleasant afternoon musicale was given Wednesday in the rooms of Prof. F. M. Gibault in Ledwith block. The performers were all pupils of the professor, and acquitted themselves most creditably. The rooms were most elegantly decorated with flowers of every description, giving an added charm to the enjoyment of the occasion. The program was composed of both vocal and instrumental music, and although a number of pupils were unable to attend on account of absence from the city, those present were delightfully entertained. The following young ladies and gentlemen participated: Misses Edith Leighton, Minnie Gaylord, Nellie Eddy, Edna Scott, Sadie Ivers, Helen Hoover, Lena Gardner, Ada Gregg, Florence Putnam, Maudie Tyler; Masters Willie Hubbell, Freddie Lewis, Willie Tyler, Carlisle Hagenow and Mr. Herdman.

Miss Nellie Zellweger entertained a number of friends at progressive angling at her home, 945 C street, on last Saturday evening. This was the first introduction of the society game into Lincoln circles, and the occasion was highly enjoyed. Some four or five tables were employed in the game, the details of which were given some time ago in THE COURIER. We hope this will not be the last angling party, as it is productive of much amusement.

The ladies of Lincoln have found it to their advantage to buy dress goods and trimmings of J. E. Miller. His stock this season is the largest and finest ever shown in this city and his grand sale has caused all Lincoln ladies to wonder. The prices are exceedingly low and the goods superb in quality and style.

All sizes of best grade hard coal, nicely screened and always on hand at Hutchins & Hyatt, 1040 G street.

PLAYING WITH PASCH EGGS.

of ostrich feathers, in which are placed the eye like parts of peacock feathers to represent the eyes or vigilance of the church. When in the church he rests under a rich canopy of silk.

The pope, after officiating at mass at the high altar, is borne with the same ceremony, or the sound of music, back through the crowded church to a balcony over the central doorway. There, surrounded by his principal officers, he rises from his chair of state and pronounces a benediction, with indulgences and absolution.

The crowd of people who witness this most imposing of all the ceremonies of Rome at his season is immense. Below the balcony at which the pope appears to pronounce the benediction is the densest crowd, which watches with upturned faces the falling of the papers containing copies of the prayers that have been uttered, which are thrown down into the midst of this restless multitude by the pope and his assistants. This being jubilee year these ceremonies commemorating Easter week at Rome are of unusual magnificence.

All the movable religious feasts are regulated by Easter day. Easter Sunday this year, in consequence of the lunar movements, falls early in April, and as a natural result Candlemas was earlier than usual. It occurred Feb. 3, and the wholesale dealers in candles throughout Christendom prepared, as usual, a large amount of candles for the demand arising from the religious occasion.

The devout of the Catholic church, from the richest to the poorest, make an offering of candles at their respective churches on Candlemas day. Some of these candles are very elaborate, being made by hand and composed of pure wax. Some made for the high altar in the cathedral and other churches in New York cost, with their elaborate ornamentation, from \$250 to \$500 each. Persons of moderate means offer candles less expensive, but even the poorest of the congregation present a candle made of pure wax. These candles are blessed on Candlemas day, and all the devout are presented with a blessed candle to be used on special occasions in their homes. To be denied one of the blessed candles by the priest is a punishment which is regarded in a serious manner, and the refusal is only made when the applicant has offended the laws of the church. Candlemas day is, therefore, one of the solemn events of the church, and is usually observed strictly by all true Catholics.

THE CAVE OF THE CAVE.

Out in the southwestern part of the city between Ninth and Tenth streets, way on the other side of Van Dorn, is a cave that has a history. Long before the city of Lincoln was ever thought of, this cave was dug in the soft sandstone by members of the Omaha and Pawnee Indians, who at different times made it headquarters in their raids upon one another and the pioneers of the region. At least tradition says so, as after their removal it was found. Some time in the early part of the '90's the James gang and other robbers less notorious made their headquarters here, using it to store their plunder in.

The robbers also enlarged the cave greatly so as to admit of their horses. The other day the Observer was exploring the region round about, and coming upon this hole in the ground decided to see what it was like. Procuring the services as guide of several boys who were playing near by, in company with them and a smoky lantern we descended. The cave is hewn out of a very soft sandstone and extends back nearly 100 feet with two laterals, connected with the main cave by a series of roughly-cut steps. A person can stand or walk erect in almost every part of it. As we sauntered along examining the inscriptions on its sides, a ray of light, several of them in fact, was discernible at the other end. We questioned our guide, but with a "wait and see" he hurried along. What was our astonishment shortly to find ourselves in a large chamber some twenty-five feet square and about thirty feet in height. A short inspection soon showed us that we were in the cellar of the house we had noticed before entering, but it was a little surprising at first. A small tunnel just large enough to admit a man's body connected the two parts of the cave also, but our avoirdupois was such that an investigation of that particular portion could not be undertaken, even had our spirit been willing. The cave faces westward, the tunnels running northeast and southeast. Off to one side is a smaller cave, probably fifty or sixty feet long that is a beauty. It is hewn out neatly but roughly and has a hard cemented floor which gives out a hollow sound when tapped with a cane. This is known as the robbers' and counterfeiters' cave, but has latterly been used as a brewery vault, although not so occupied at present. About fifteen or sixteen years ago the business men of Omaha, Lincoln and Nebraska City were startled by the discovery that a large amount of counterfeit silver dollars and gold five and ten dollar pieces were afloat. The stuff had the right ring but was light in weight, although one not accustomed to handling a large amount would not be aware of it. Persistent efforts were made to find out who was issuing it, and a number of secret service officials were posted at the different cities, but for a long time all efforts were baffled. Finally the officer stationed at Lincoln, one Tracy by name, discovered that a tough character known as Pawnee Tom was rather flush with money, and suspecting him followed him one dark night and saw him entering the cave, the existence of which was then somewhat of a tradition. Returning to town Tracy telegraphed to the secret service man at Nebraska City to come to Lincoln as he had the game bagged. The detective came on and the next night a raid was made on the cave, but the counterfeiters had got wind of it and flown, leaving but a few tools behind. Some of the broken rods are still to be seen in the cave. There is a large opening at the top of the cave which our boy guide informed us was where the robbers deposited their ill gotten gains, covering it in the same manner, we presume, as the cave described in "Handy Andy."

The land on which the cave is located belongs to Mrs. Warner, and the house is occupied by Mr. Henry Young. Mr. Young is a pleasant gentleman who has been employed at the prison for a number of years. It is his intention to have the cave renovated and fixed up nicely so as to make it a kind of curiosity resort this summer. The Observer can recommend the cave as quite a curiosity and well worthy of a visit. There are not many people in Lincoln who have seen this cave and it will be pleasant as well as surprising to make a tour throughout it. To reach it, take the Tenth street cars, alight at South street and walk toward the prison until you come to a yellow house on the hill, and there's the cave.

The Great Rock Island Cook Book.

Orders for this popular work will hereafter be promptly filled. The delay of which some recent subscribers have had cause to complain was due to the fact the first edition of the revised issue for 1888 was exhausted much sooner than anticipated. Another large edition, however, has been printed, and is now ready for delivery. Copies mailed, postpaid, at ten (10) cents (for postage) in stamps and or coin. Address, E. A. HOLBROOK, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago.

Also copies of the famous scientific series of Christmas Annuals, dedicated to the Boys and Girls of America—"Walt Stephens," "Voltago," "Petroleum and Natural Gas," and "Coal and Coke" at ten cents each.

Baby Hunting Again.

One of the greatest literary hits of the season is the story of "Baby Hunting; or the Alphabet of Love," by Laura Jean Libbey, which is at present being published in the columns of the New York Family Story Paper. The paper containing the opening chapters of this wonderfully popular romance appeared on the news stands this morning. The tremendous rush for that number by the young ladies of the town shows clearly that the publishers have struck a bonanza. The Family Story Paper is for sale by all news-dealers, or will be sent to any address four months, postage free, for \$1.00. Norman L. Munro, Publisher, 34 and 36 Vandewater St., New York.

The Burlington Flyers.

General Passenger Agent Eustis was in the city Wednesday and it is on his authority we announce that Nos. 1 and 2, the Chicago-Denver flyers, will be put on again permanently next Monday. This will be cheerful news to travelers, for it had been rumored that these trains would not be put on again.

Wanted. Gentlemen and ladies to take position with reliable house. Good salary guaranteed. Promotion rapid. Address A. office.